DR. JIM'S FAMOUS RAID.

ITS STORY RETOLD WITH NEW PEA-

How Jameson Drenmed of Being the Citye of Africa. A Mistake About Small-pox—How the Expedition Was Formed—Its Disaster at Krugersdorp and Doorakop. The Caps Times of Cape Town had the happy idea of devoting its voluminous Christmas number to telling the story or Jameson's raid of a year ago, in the light which new investigations, various official inquiries, and judicial trials have thrown upon it. The result may Cape Town latitude, yet it makes a connected

story of great interest. Dr. Jameson entered the Scuth African Republic on the 30th day of December, 1895, at the head of more than 500 mounted men, with artillery, the relations between that republic and other countries of South Africa being then entirely friendly. To understand the situation, it must be noted that up to about ter years ago the population of the republic was made up almost entirely of burghers and their families. There was even then a small Britsh element in it, composed chiefly of traders, armers, and gold miners. But the discovery of gold at the De Kaap fields and afterward at the Witwatersrand, caused an inrush of miners, largely British, and the newcomers were known as Uitlanders. The Boers guarded themselves from apprehended dangers of being thus overrun and virtually dispossessed, by legislative provisions, including restrictions on the franchise, and these in turn caused outcries from the Uitlanders. This state of things was made the occasion of a plot practically co eize upon the republic through the union of the Unlanders and a force of raiders led by

The story of the Cape Times begins with the following incident, which is declared to be absolutely authentic, coming from one

One day, long before the very earliest hint of a beginning of the "complot" as shown by any evidence hich is before the world, a man sat on the stoop of Government House, Bulawayo, amoking cigar-ettes and reading a "Life of Citye." A rather short the novelist would tell us), whose head, growporteeably count: what is called a bullet-beaded and musiache, keen eyes, and a general air of good-

its Honor Leander Starr Jameson, M. D., C. B., Ad-

sinistrator of Matabel-land. Suddenly Jameson looked up from his book and exclaimed: "I have a jolly good mind to march straight down off the plateau with the men I have bere and settle the thing out of hand. The idea of fouth Africa going on being trodden upon by this Pretoria gang is abourd. I have a good mind to get

time that it would take them to carry out this airy two or three weeks, during which the national and international situation would be rather necu-liar, the distanding of the forces by cable, not to

Dr. Jim's interlocutor somewhat dryly pointed Well,"said Jameson at last, banging down the

Clive would have done it."

Does the germ of the whole inscrutable business

Jameson, like Rhodes and others, had gone south Africa from London for his health. He acquired some celebrity as a physician and surgeon at Kimberley, and became an intinate freind of Cecil Rhodes when the latter was still only known to the outside world "as s young man speculating in diamonds, with a renius for finance and a malgamation." While doctor at Kimberley, a question arose whether a disease which broke out among the natives working in the mines was smallpox or a comaratively barmless malady known as counterfelt smallpox. Other doctors diagno.ed the former, Jameson the latter. "Most men would have hesitated, and given the public ty the benefit of the doubt, but Jameson stuck to his own opinion in the teeth of every-body, declaring that where the thing was so perfectly clear it was absurd to dislocate the ning industry by a panic quarantine. This element in the affair-the fact that skepticism as to the smallpox suited the book of the creat capitalists embittered the controversy; for it made Jameson's obstinacy take on a flavor of too little scruple as well as too little canthing, and its value as a present fllustration, it need only be added that Jameson's opinion turned out to be absolutely wrong. After the risk of spreading the infection through the colony had been incurred, it was proved beyond

doubt that the disease was smallpox." It was through his intimacy with Cecil odes that Jameson became an administrator when Rhodes occupied the Transvaal hinterland. Then, when the Matabele war broke out, although not pretending to be a military man, it was Jameson "who galloped across country to effect a junction between the two columns so admirably timed to meet each other. It was he, too, who precipitated the tabele made development impossible, and gave the Mashonaland settlers 'the jumps,' in the quotor's phrase, by raiding into their very streets, whereupon the company, or rather the doctor for them, determined that the golden on should be seized." This war is described as,"the most rapid and brilliant in the history of South Mrica, although the beroic death of Wilson's patrol, while on a daring quest which was more due to Jameson's inspiration than to that of Major Forbes, might have taught a lesson. But then the daring was so nearly rewarded by success (and what success!) that the lesson may well have missed its mark." It was Jameson, too, who once met and stopped a "trek" of Boers, who had disputed the company's title. Thus, up to the time of his fatal raid, Jameson's career had been one of uniform success. "He was as one clotned in the strength of his own will. He had come to believe in his star, and his friend, the Managing Director, and all South Africa, and a good part of England, had come to believe in it also. Such was the man who had cast for himself, or for whom others had cast, the leading part in the strangest adventure of the century."

When the British capitalists, managers, miners, and Ultiander population in general at Johannesburg plotted a revolution, natur-

Cecii Rhodes wanted to have something Jo with it, as he had "come to think him elfindispensable to the destinics of South According to the Cape Times, he proposed to add to his position as Premier of the Cape "the rôles of arming a revolution, of succoring it with troops from the porder, of 'facing the music' when the crash came, and governing the extraordinary situation which would ensue as the one man who could mediate; between Dutch and English Cape Colony, and between England and the Transvani. Upon this hazard he staked the most brilliant and promising career boasted by any contemporary politician in the British empire."

One great drawback to success was that the would-be revolutionists at Johannesburg were at first unprepared for carrying out their part of the enterprise. There was 'not even a nu-cleus of men who could shoot and had weapons." Dr. Jameson, however, looked after the matter, and as there were restrictions on the introduction of arms into the Transvani guns were smuggled in as mining material in bulk. In one consignment on five sheep trucks, 800 rifes were thinly heared over with coke. Other consignments, consisting of three Maxima 125 cases of ammunition, and 1,800 rifes, were sent in oil drums, each with a nice little tab, oozing oil.

There was one hitch and a faise start in the compice.

tab oozing cil.

There was one hitch and a faise start in the comploit, and some people thought it might be well to give up the whole affair. The news was obtained by Jameson and his raiders that the so-called Johannesburg reform or revolutionary movement had fixeled out. But Dr. Jim heeded no omens or arguments against his course. He had two camps, one at Materials, and the other at Pitsani. These were

filled with Company's men and with two troops of Bechusnaland border police. Col. White, Col. Grey, Major Coventry, and Sir John Willoughby addressed the men on the Sunday before the start. It appears that the secret of the expedition was then for the first time let out to the men. Major Coventry sais: "We are going straight to Johnnesburg. We want you all to come. It will be a snort trip; everything has been arranged for." Several of the men wanted to know whether they were going under Queen's or Company's orders. "I cannot say that you are going under the Queen's orders," said Col. Grey frankly, "but you are going under Queen's of fight for the supremacy of the British fing in South Africa."

There was some missiving, apparently, among the men, but there were also the shames of success. There was talk of the whole thing being accomplished perhaps without a shot. There were 2,000 armed men in Johannesburg to help: the Cace Mounted Rilles would rush to the rescue, to say nothing of the imperial forces in Natal and the Rhodesia Horse in the north. A bonus was offered for this special service, and, in short, said the speakers, anybody who could not go on bravely had better fall out. Jameson wanted no flinchers. Cheers followed such speeches, and the prospect of a madcap adventure attracted the lafe armed with their rifles. An essential part of the plan was the cutting of the telegraph wire, and the wire leading back to the Cape Colonywas indeed cut, but the important wire, running to Pretoria by way of Zeerust and Rustenburg, was not cut, "by reason of the trooper who was sent to cut it being, in plain words, irunk. He started on his errand carrying with him the most elaborate and detailed instructions. He was to cut the wire in two places, so many yards apart, take it so far into the veld, and bury it so deep. He did cut acertain wire, and he did make an effort at least to bury it in the weld. But the wire, which he cut was that of the peaceful railing by which a farmer kept his cowe in. Then with a good conscio

few weeks. There was a sprinking of Afrikanders, a few of them with the typical Franco-Duch names.

The column went along with scouts, advance guard, and fianking columns, the artillery and Scotch carts in the middle. Counting the seventy odd native drivers, leaders, and so forth, it was fewer than 600 strong. About 50,000 rounds were carried on the persons and a like amount in the carts, and there were also about 45,000 rounds for the Maxins, and for the other guns about 120 each. The distance from Mafeking io Krugersdorp is perhaps from six-score to seven-score miles, and from Malmani to the latter joint there is a plain road.

Krugersdorp was duly reached, and there came the first hostile encounter. It should be mentioned that, before reachins it, despatches to Jameson from the British High Commissioner informed him that his action was repudiated and that he was ordered to retire at once from the country. In reply, Jameson said that he had a large force of men and horses to feed and must proceed to Krugersdorp or Johannesburg for the purcoes, and further, that he was anxious to fulfil his promise to aid those who had sought his help.

At Krugersdorp Sir John Willeuphy, the ofgeredore or Johannesburg for the purcose, and further, that he was anxious to fulfil his promise to aid those who had sought his helm. At Krugersdore Sir John Willoughby, the officer in immediate command, sent in, under a flag of truce, a notice that any opposition offered to the "friendly force en route to Johannesburg," would cause him to shell the town. The Boer commander, Malan of Rustenburg, returned no answer. The women and children had been directed to leave at 4 P. M. of that day, Jan. I. 1890, and "when the time had elapsed the guns were brought to bear, and presently a hole was neatly knocked right through the gable of the battery house, which the few Boers who were in it hastily vacasted. None of them was burt. The artillery fire was next turned along the ridge where puffs of smoke told of a line of sharpshooters, and a large quantity of shrannel shells were blazed away, the artillerymen, under Capt. Gosling and Capt. Kincaid Smith, making good practice in bursting the shells just over where the ouffs of smoke were. The Boers, who had no artillery up as yet save an old seven-pounder, replied with rife fire, and desultery firing went on at long rife range from both sides, till presently Col. White, in charge of the advance guard of about 100 men, ordered it to advance guard of about 100 men, ordered it to advance guard of about 100 men, ordered here the state of the charge, it is dublous what

room both sides, thit presently Col. White, in charge of the advance sund charge the Queen Battery house position."

Wheever ordered the charge, it is dubious what the treopers charging were intended to do upon reaching the ridge. They had no swords, and could only have fallen upon the Boers with the buttends of their rifles. The lides seems to have been that they had only to sallop forward and rush the position and the Boers would jump up and rus away, exposing themselves to the fire of the troopers and making way for the column. However, the question of what they should do when they reached the Boers was not destined to arise. The Boers, lying prome along the ridge, protected by stones and the lay of the arouad, had no intention of gesting up and exposing themselves. Most of them were protected by both, in the geological eronal on a furnitarian and all the same and all the same and assignment of the fire of the round, had no intention of gesting up and exposing themselves. Most of them were protected by both, in the geological eronal on a furnitarian and all the same and the lay of the arouad, had no intention of the dead. While the artillers fire was retailing on to the ridge, the Boers lay low, cautiously refraining from any attempt to put up their heads and take aim. They stayed quite still where they were, naving found that the artillers fire was retailing on to the ridge, the Boers lay low, cautiously refraining from any attempt to put up their heads and take aim. They stayed quite still where they were, naving found that the arreposition, and the same and all the same a

In this direction he the farms Rendfonten and Viavfontein, which were the scene of the rest of the fighting.

That was a bad night for Dr. Jim. The High Commissioner's message had practically made him an outlaw, and Johannesburg was eighteen miles away. His column was encamped on a sloce leading down to a stream, about two miles south, or to the right, of the first fighting position. Lights were out, but one was left in the ambulance wagons, where lay about thi ty wounded or used-up men. Taking this light for a mark, the Boers went on firing into the camp all night, killing or stampeding horses, and harassing the tired men. In general, the men were protected, yet two troopers were killed, and were hastliv buried, and next fay the feet on one of these poor fellows were found sticking out of the heap of earth which his comrades had hurriedly thrown over him. "Sombre thoughts must have passed through Jameson's mind as he sullenly waited for dawn down there by the 'ban,' surrounded by the troop of raw young fellows whom on his own sole responsibility he had led into this position. At 4 o'clock in the gray dawn Jameson despatched a second message for Johannesburg, a verbal one, for one of his men to carry through the Boer lines. But even then he was not going to make it a cry of deepair. 'I am all right,' was the effect of the message, but I should like a force sent out to us.' It was only a little change from the earlier request for a little

patrol, 'just to prevent me from looking like a pirate,' but the little change meant much."

It is a curious incident that, with whatever object or pretext, thirty or forty young fellows out of that column got separated from the camp and straggled into Johannesburg, At dawn the column moved on across the Potchefatroom Raliway, where were a few Boers, who scattered. It then moved through broken ground, skirmishing, a few miles beyond the raliway, until it came to Valkfontein Farm. Here there was an outbuilding and a disused cattle kraal, with stone walls the height of a man, which offered cover till fanked, and was at once occupied by one troop. As the morning gree into day this outbuilding became the centre of a hot fire. The Boers on their side took advantage of a wall, and venturing to nearer quarters made their rise fire less insfileient than it had been for ihe most part as regards the actual number of killed and wounded. Men and horses dropped on all sides. In the column the feeling grew that unless it could burst through the Boer for ihe graveyard is the private property of Silas Stark and the occupants have been his friends. They have been iaid to rest without ostentalms were fired till only half an hour's ammunition was left to fire with. One last rush was made and falied—and then the StaatsArtillery came up on the left flank, and the kame was up."

The fact is that by mischance, or misled by the volunteer guides who were now found to have been all in one way and another makes

was made and falled—and then the Staats-Artillery came up on the left flank, and the game was up."

The fact is that by mischance, or misled by the volunteer guides who were now found to have alloped away, the column was at the mouth of a cut de sec. It must either stop or throw theelf at a rising ground with cover flanked by other rising ground with cover flanked by other rising ground with cover. Boornaco, which has christened the battle, is an isolated kople, or stony nill, conspicuous for a mile or two round; but it was not actually reached. It is a thousand yards further on in the direction the column was going. It was strongly held, and warm indeed would have been the reception of the luckless little force if it had come to rounding that hill. But what did the actual mischief was a flanking ridge, on the right (southern) flank, an abrupt low cill as seen by the column, placed roughly as shown in the accor panying plan; which also exhibits the direction in which has came into play as the decisive factor.

Of actual combatants at this time the Boers say they had only 700 or 800. Indeed, the Boer legend swears that those closely encaged, apart from supports, were but flifty well-placed men; while hose who stopped the last charge were exactly seven!

The Hoer legend adds that Gen. Jouber; found on inquiry at the hospital that all Jameson's wounded save one bore the spoor of a new pattern of rife of which there were but flifty all told in the hands of burghers. Here, however, the records of the 8th John Ambulwice Brigade, which went up from Cape Town and evolved order from chaos at Krugerische, and a stronger and account of the rest in the fleers add, rather than the other firty or the 700 or 800 engaged all along the line, who commanded the little eap attempted by the last charge, and saving infeir fire till the troopers were, cook, killed alz of them, and the last hope of the rest, together. The other troopers sounts shelter again on the farm, and shortiv afterward, while the Staats Artillery outhouse. The s

apron of an old Hottentst "tants" who was standing somewhere at hand on the farm when it was borrowed from her to be waved as an emblem of peace.

With the white flag which he sent forward Sir John Willoughby offered to surrender, on condition of having his force supplied with a safe conduct out of the country. The note which came from the Boer commander declared that "The answer is that if you will undertake to pay the expenses which you have caused the South African Republic and that you will lay down your arms, then I shall soare the lives of you and yours. Please send me the reply to this within thirty minutes." It didn't take Sir John thirty minutes or fifteen to accept these conditions.

Such is the military part of the story, as now retoid. The Care Town Times supplements it with an account of what the Johnnesburg party did, or rather failed to do. Into this part of the affair it is not necessary to go. Nor is it needful to show more fully than the combast itself tells how the Heers rallied to the defence of their country against the monstrous and mad attack. As an expedition, Jameson's attempt was hopelessly rasin, Looking back on it now, there seems to have been a resublity that had it been a greater surprise and had it finnied Krugersdort, endeavoring to avoid conflict until reaching Johannesburg. It might at least have got hearer that place. But that might only have made the disaster still greater. As it turned out surrender was inevitable. As the Cape Town Times saves: "When they gave in they were minus aome 20 per cent, of combatants. There were 7d casualities, There were 30 men hurt or sick in the waxons. There were 27 killed on the soot or mortally wounded. They had been engaged continuously for twenty-one hours. Some of the officers had literally had no lie-down sleep since they started."

On the Boer side the most remarkable result was their small loss. The official total is only four killed and two of those said to be shot by accident on their own side. Even with the wounded added, so little r

TENNESSEE COONS AND POSSUMS.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 23 .- Henry Smith, a negro living on the Cole plantation in Gibson county. the season last September. He devotes every night to rambling through the woods with his dogs in quest of the luscious marsuplal. Here are some of his observations on hunting coons and possums:

All possum and coon hunters have a lead dog, called the trailer. The trailer is the only dog of the pack that the hunter relies on to tree the animal. He never barks until he has found a hot trail, and when he yelps the hunter knows there is something in a tree close by and when the trailer stops at the foot of a tree the hunt is almost over, for there is always a possum o coon above him.

The nocturnal hunts begin about the middle

of September, when the mast is thick in the bottoms and the corn is not yet hard in the ear. The coon is far more wary than the possum, and it is much more difficult to catch him. A coon will run four or five miles on the ground and fences. He will take a tree, run up it some distance, and jump fifty or sixty feet, to throw to escape. If he is a mile ahead of the dogs he will play around the tree. The deg is always confused at this tree, and has to circle around it many times to get his bearings. The coon generaily leads the dog a fuil half mile, and coons escape oftener than they are captured. A coon will go through a field, and then around it, to gain time before he makes his last run for home. Strange as it may seem a possum can whip a coon, but a possum will never fight a dog, and it's a very sorry coon that cannot whip a dog. A male coon will often whip single-handed an entire pack of dogs, and then as if thirsting for more will attack the hunter if the latter tries to stop him. No matter how feroclous or powerful a dog may be, unless he is trained by years of experience a fell-grown coon will whip him on every occasion. When fighting a dog, the coon lies flat on his back, and bites and scratches. His legs fly back and forth with the rapidity of lighting, and the razor-like claws cut the dog's nose and feet. The reason a possum can whip a coon tand they frequently fight in the bottoms is that the possum gets a firm hold with his alligator-like teeth, and will not turn loose until the coon bleeds to death.

The only way a trained dog can whip a coon is to grash him by the threat and press his neck to the ground, choking him. The possum only snarls sullenly while the dogs are biting and holding him. While a coon is fighting dogs he squeals and yells incressantly, and the woods resound as if bedlam had broken loose. When a coon is in a hollow he only growls when a coon is in a hollow he only growls when hollow. When a coon runs several hundred yards on a fence a dog will lose the trait unless he is an old-timer. If the dog is the better sprinter the coon takes to a tree, and he laways ensconces himself high up in the biggest tree in the woods. Sometimes, when exasperated, an old coon will suddenly leap from the tree squarely upon the back of the lead dog, and, after whipping the whole pack, caimly rest at the foot of a tree, while head shanging down, returning from the fray, completely whitped.

Loons live together, sometimes as many as a dozen in one large tree, while possums rarely eraily leads the dog a full half mile, and coons escape oftener than they are captured. A coon chipped.
Coons live together, sometimes as many as a

Coons live together, sometimes as many as a dozen in one large tree, while possums rarely get together in more than twos. The possum goes in at the foot of a tree, while the coon climbs up high like a squirrel. The possum never goes as far from his lair as the coon. If pursued by a dog, and he has to cross a stream on his way home, a coon waits in the middle of the stream for the hound and drowns him. A full-grown woon is always ready for a fight, and will go into a fray on any occasion, no matter how many dogs he has to light.

Safe Breaker Loumis Cannot Pay His Fine Application was made to Judge Hurd in the County Court, Brooklyn, yesterday to remit the fine of \$500 imposed as part of the sentence on George E. Loomis, who was convicted of having burgiars' tools in his possession. He has rerved his year's sentence, and says he is unable to pay the fine. Judge Hurd denied the motion. Loomis will have to serve one day for each dol-lar of the fine.

years. He owns a little farm, does some fishing

and hunting, and in one way and another makes a living. He always has a houseful, and pretty nearly a farmful, of animals that are his pets There are dogs, cats, coons, foxes, pigeons, crows, quall, opossums, rate, rabbits, and innumerable small birds that follow him when he travels about his domain. Stark has peculiar ideas of humanity, and has figured out to his own satisfaction that the only true friend a man can have walks on four legs or has wings. True to this theory, he has lived apart from men and women, and, if appearances count for anything, he has been about as happy as the average person. Of Stark's antecedents or the part of the world from which he came nobody in Cumberland county knows. He suddenly appeared one day more than a half a century ago, wanted to pur-chase the land that has been his dwelling place ever since, showed that he had the money in his inside pocket, and closed the bargain.

Fer a long time Stark was a mystery and a eurlosity to his neighbors, but he attended strictly to his own business, and finally his neighbors took the hiut and left him alone. There were all sorts of conjectures as to the man's reason for isolating himself; he was associated, in the neighbors' minds, with a borrible crime, a lunatic asylum, a desperate love affair, and other things that figure in romances, but nothing was learned to indicate that any of their suspicions were well founded, and finally the people dropped Stark, permitting him to live according to his own peculiar ideas, which he was evidently very glad to do.

Stark's age has to be guessed at. His hair is as white as a baker's apron, but his form is as straight as a pike staff, and he is as spry as a man in middle life. There are good reasons for believing, however, that he is in the eighties, for when he first appeared in Cumberland

believing, however, that he is in the eighties, for when he first appeared in Cumberland county fifty years ago he was apparently in his thirties. He is a man of keen intellurence, and, next to his pets, loves good books. His house is strewn with books from top to bottom, and he enjoys himself best when, in summer, he sits under an apple tree in his back yard, with birds on his shoulders, head, knees, and chair, and dogs, cats, and other four-footed friends sprawling at his feet.

Stark is always courteous to visitors and takes a pleasure in showing them through his graveyard, which is but a few steps from the back door of his house. It is surrounded with a high board fence which is always shining with a fresh coat of whitewash. Over the gate that gives entrance to the yard is a sign in large black letters, a triffe crode in shape, but easily understoo, which reads: Domain of the Faithful. Inside there are walks, and the graves flank them in regular order. The wooden slabs stand in straight lines, are of different sizes, but of the same shape, and are whitewashed. On the front of each is a verse telling the virtues of the animal or bird whose memory it is calculated to perpetuate.

Although not a noet of the highest order, Stark has ground out some lines that make interesting reading, worthy of a place in the gallery of graveyard rhymes. At the right of the gate stauds a slab bearing the following lines:

JAMES CROW; DIED JUNE STR, 1849.

JAMES CROW; DIED JUNE STR. 1849. Under the sod I laid him down, One sunny day in June. And the' his soil was fall of song. He never sang a tune. Lloved him for his faithfulness, To me he was ever true. And while he'd always been a crow, The creature never crew.

The creature never crew.

The critical may feel like congratulating the defunct James (frow because he'had not the privilege of making his own epitaph, but Stark points it out as the literary gem of the whole collection, and says that its superior excellence is due to the fact that it was composed years ago when his mind was fresh and vicorous, and when his soul was more susceptible to sympathetic influences than it is now.

In one corner of the yard is a slab, at the top of which Stark has made a heroic effort to paint the figure of a dog couchant. "That doesn't do the animal justice," said Stark, pointing at the figure. "I had a poor brush, and made a daub of it, but I have tried to tell Bob's wirtues in those lines written there." These are the lines:

Here lies Bob, a dog of mine.

None before ever grew.

None before ever grew.

I'd talk to him as man to man,
And what I said, he knew.
One day he went away from home
And, somewhere, not a hone.

Twas proboned; peder fich guiped it down.
And died without a groam.

"He was more than two hours dying," said dark, "and I could tell by his squirming that a was suffering fearful agony, but he didn't shimper once. He was brave,"

Near the dog lie the remains of a cat, the graises of which Silas has sung in the following

Tom was a cat and common sense Most all the time had he. For when the dogs got after him, he'd light out for a tree. One day he lost his common source And mixed up in a fight With Bob, and then it was He got a fatal bite,

Near the middle of the graveyard is a small mound that Stark seems to hold in deep reverence. "My favorite 'possum is buried there." he said. "He was the king of the whole tribe for cuteness. I couldn't do him justice in rhyme, so I just contented myself with writing four lines, which teil his remarkable qualities in a nutshell." The four lines were to the point and they were as follows:

All the smart things this 'possum did I'm wholly onable to tell. Suffee it then for me to say That he was as fory as hell.

Stark has had but one parrot, and that died years ago. It died at an early age, and never has been replaced because of Stark's dislike for anybody or anything that is disposed to do much talking. Of all the graves in the yard that of the parrot is most neglected, but a wooden tablet stands at the head of it, and on the tablet appear the following lines:

Be it known by those who pass this way. That I erect this stab. To the mem'ry of Poll, a beautiful bird, That was born with the gift of gab. She talked all night, and she talked all day, Saying nothing of any note, Until one time she choked to death Of words that stuck in her throat.

Of words that stuck in her throat.

Here and there on the graves grow in summer bunches of flowers, and Stark watches them with great care. His first duty in the morning is to so to the yard and water the plants. Once a week he cline the grass and sees to it that no damage has been done by wind or rain to the slabs. When he leaves the yard he locks the gate so that nobody can get in while he is absent.

The man has a peculiar custom of going to a grave on the anniversary of the death of its occupant, and leaving a dish containing some morsel of food of which the animal was especially fond. The dish is allowed to remain there a week, and is then removed. Stark be lieves that this attention is appreciated by the soirits of the decarted ones, which, he says, hover over the yard continually.

At the middle of the inclosure is a vacant plot reserved for Stark's grave. He says that he wants to lie down for his last sleep among those who were his dearest friends during life.

COSTELLO'S FIGHT FOR A DIFORCE, Indicted on the Charge of Conspiring to Ruin His Wife's Reputation,

BUFFALO, Jan. 23. John H. Costello, the wealthy lumberman of this city and Costello. Pa, has been indicted by the Grand Jury at Condersport, Pa., on the charge of conspiring to ruin his wife's reputation. This is another feature of the five-year fight between Mr. and Mrs. Costello. Mr. Costello has spent many thousands of dollars trying to secure evidence

thousands of doilars trying to secure evidence on which to obtain a diverce, and Mrs. Costello has paid out large sums to see that he did not get the evidence.

The testimony on which the indictment was secured pertains to the work of some private detectives who were employed by Mr. Costello to watch his wife. It is alleged that they tried to put up a job on her in a New York hotel. A woman confederate of the detectives was used. She insinuated her way into Mrs. Costello's confidence and they occupied adjoining apartments in the hotel. The detectives arranged to break into Mrs. Costello's rooms, expecting to find a man there at an appointed time. They found Mrs. Costello fully dressed, it is said, and failed to secure any evidence whatever against her. These and other facts were brought before the Grand Jury at Condersport and resulted in Mr. Costello's indictment. Mr. Costello is at present stopping in Buffalo at a hotel.

LIFE AMONG THE PINES.

Sox on the Bargain Counter-Computation of Distances-Easy-Going Laborers,

The sojourner roaming in the piney woods of North Carolina will be frequently confronted by a sign or announcement printed in stencilled capital letters on a board two or three feet square and nailed to a pine tree, whereby the wayfaring man is told of the manifold things he may buy at a "bargain store" at Southern Pines, one item in the list being "Two Pair of Sox for 10 cts." The other day a visitor curious to know what manner of "sox" it might be that could be purchased for five cents a pair went over to patronize this bargain counter. He found the store. It was a frame building fully as large as a freight train caboose. It stood on the edge of a big lot, the remaining area being occupied by a vineyard and strawberry beds and blackberry patches. A strong fence surrounded it Facing the front of the store was a gate heavil; barred against all comers. The door of the store was evidently locked, and there was no sign of life about the establishment. The was a case where advertising had not paid. when he saw a placard on the door which gave notice to the public thus:

IN THE BACK YARD.

Acting on this advice, the searcher after five cent sex "hollered." Presently a man appeared from somewhere back of the store.

"Do you want to git in ?" he saked. Being told that such was the visitor's wish, the man came forward, unbarred the gate, un locked the door, and let his customer in.
"I'm workin' up my garden," said he, "and

the man came forward, unbarred the gate, unlocked the door, and let his customer in.

"I'm workin' up my garden," said he, "and don't want folks foolin' round unless they want to git in for bargains."

The sox were worth the money.

You may be travelling for the first time somewhere through a North Carolina backwoode district, and, not having a clear idea as to distances, you naturally stop and ask the first native you come to how far it may be to so-and so's place. Expecting to hear him reply that it is a mile, two miles, or whatever the distance is in miles, you will undoubtedly be aurprised and puzziled when he says, after due deliberation:

"Well, suh, it's about two looks from hyuh, suh, I reckon. May be two looks an' a peep, though, suh. It's a right smart ways, anyhow, suh."

You are obliged, of course, to ask for a solution of this puzzie, and will then learn that a "look," as a measure of distance, is the limit of vision ahead of you from the spot where you are at, and it may be a turn in the road a hundred yards away or a point a mile or more distant. You travel to the end of that "look," and from there take another look to the furthest object in signt as your course lies and travel on to that. If you have been told that your destination is two looks abead, when you get to the end of the second look there you are. If it is two looks and a peep, you "peep" off to one slide of the road or the other from the second look and see the place you are after.

One time a New Yorker went down to North Carolina to join some friends who were hunting wild turkers in the piney woods. They had gone out for a day's sport when he arrived and he started to hunt them up. Not having found any sign of them after tramping about for haif a day, he met a native in an old road, and asked him if he had seen anything of the party.

"Yes, suh," he replied, "They're up this road yonduh, three looks and a hoot, suh."

The New Yorker thought the native was guying him, and started on hin a huff. He west on until he came to a bridge,

lusty:
"Hoo-o-o-o-o-hoot!"
In a few seconds a similar cry came back from "Hoo-o-o-oo-hoot." In a few seconds a similar cry came back from the woods.

"That they is, suh." exclaimed the native, "That's them, suh."

And it was. They were two looks and a hoot from the place where the New Yorker had first inquired for them.

The piney woods colored man is a cheerful person, and while he accepts work and does it after his fashion, he doesn't do it out of any friendly feeling he has for it. He gets only 50 cents for ten hours' contact with labor; but he would not be a degree more cordial toward it if it held out its hands with \$1 a day in them. The temperature in the piney woods region in the morning may have chill enough in it to send the mercury down to 40°, but even at 50° the colored brother doesn't seem to be able to keep bimself warm by his work. A sight to be seen by visitors is that of blazing fat pine-wood bonfires, built by colored laborers engaged at road making, at short intervals along the road. At these fires the laborers stop to warm themselves every little while. Five of these hot fires blazed in the road one morning in a distance of 300 yards, and a darky driving a cart made a stop at every one of them to warm up.

They sing or chantlugunbrously as they work, particularly those who work with picks or shovel the sand into the carts. Their music is al.

HEALING

Amid Shouts of Applause, Victory Crowns the Efforts of the Great Healers.

AT MASONIC TEMPLE Cor. 6th Ave. and 23d St.

Hopeless Cases Cured-Multitudes Healed Without Money or Price.

In all this great city there is no spectacle mor

In all this great city there is no spectacle more fascinating or appealing to human interest than that presented at Masonic Hail by the Vitapathic Healers. Indeed, it could but afford wholesome reflection for men and women of leisure, fashion and wealth, if but for a brief hour they would turn away from their pet diversions, and drop in at the hail to witness the marvellous cures performed by these great natural Healers upon the suffering and afflicted. Because of the inability of this class to meet doctors' fees and hospital expenses they become in time painfaily familiar with disease of every stage and description. Invited by Prof. Damon to accept free treatment, these sufferers assemble in such numbers as to excite both surprise and commisseration. The kectures are instructive, while the healing demonstrations awaken the noblest emotions of the heart, in which sympathy, that subtle bond which makes the whole world kin, is as conspicuous as cordail. And surely it is well that man should sometimes remember that the blessings of health, as well as wealth, are not always a matter of individual merit. Yesterday's record of wonderful cures could hardly be surpassed by any previous efforts on the part of these distinguished healers, for every form of affliction presented itself, and was successfully treated, no case occupying more than from three to five minutes. Mrs. Lowell's bent hand, crooked flugers and limbs were relieved of rheumatic pain and restored to action. Mrs. Byrnes was likewise cured of paralysis and rheumatism. In two instances congestion of the lungs was removed and lost voices restored. Among several cases that had gone the rounds of hospitals without relief was that of a young man paralyzed in his right arm and limb. Six hospitals had falled to do what the Vitapathic Healers did in less than five minutes—anabled the patient to walk away cured, as he declared to the audience, amid shouts of applause that rang throughout the hall again and again. Numbers of prominent persons are seen in the hall at

making, at short intervals along the road. At every fitted white. Five of these but free shade in the road one morning in a distance of 1000 at every fitted white. Five of these but were morning in a distance of 1000 at every fitted white. Five of these to were morning in a distance of 1000 at every fitted white. The remuic had proved the remain of the provided of the remain of the remains of the remains of the remains of the remains of the remai

EXTRAORDINARY. ROCCO MARASCO'S RISE

A LESSON IN THE POSSIBILITIES OF GRIT AND THRIFT.

Eighteen Years Ago He Camo to This City Ignorant of the Language and Almost Penniless, and Now He Is a Man of Wealth and a Bank Trustee, At a time when there are in this country a large number of men, mostly unsuccessful, who spend most of their days is menting the good old times when a man could make a living with l'ttle work and there was a chance for a poor boy to become a rich man, which there is not now because of the grasping trusts and monopolies, it is a good thing to point out some striking examples to show how idle those lamentations are. A few concrete ex-amples are worth dozens of arguments. This is the story of a poor, ignorant Italian boot-black who, in eighteen years from the time he landed at Castle Garden with hardly a cent in his pocket, has become a man of wealth, an employer of labor, a holder of real estate, and a trustee of a savings bank. This Italian is Rocco Marasco of 180 Mott street. There has been nothing thrilling in Mr.

Marasco's career, nothing marvellous. He anded at Castle Garden on May 1, 1878. Fifty days before that he had left Naples on a sailing ship. He was not quite 18 years old and had about \$5 in his pocket. He had a stepfather in this country who would give him shelter for a time, and more than that he did not ask, because he was confident that when New York was reached all he would have to do was to go out into the street and gather up a few gold paving stones in order to become a rich man. The ship stopped at several ports to take on more emigrants, and the young boy, filled with dreams of wealth across the sea, spent his money freely, so that when he landed his funds were so low that when he was sold his step-father had died five weeks before his arrival he was not quite sure what would become of him evernight. More-

paralysis and rheumatism. In two instances congestion of the iongs was removed and long constitution of the iongs was removed and long constitution of the iongs was removed and long constitution of the control of the

among the incorporators, and from the beginning he has been a trustee.

Mr. Marasco is short and stout. He has curly brown hair and a brown mustache and twinkling brown eyes. He is hearty and joily in his manner, and his whole appearance supports his reputation of being a man to whom one might go in distress with a certainty of getting aid. Among his countrymen nere he is looked up to ase a friend and leader, and among his business associates he is regarded as strictly honest and upright and shrewd.

To Be Increased to \$1,000 a Year in Bere lin-Others Who Get Much Less,

Prussia is about to increase the total amount that she pays her officials by almost \$5,000,000 a year. Part of the increase will benufit the university professors, who are Prussian State officials. The regular professors in Berlin University, for instance, will have their salaries raised about \$200 each a year; the average pro-Berlin and \$1,400 a year in other Prussian university towns. That seems a rather low figure when one remembers that Berlin Univer-sity has had in the last twenty years such instructors as Preitschke, Virchow, Helmholts, Bergmann, Wagner and Dubols, Reymond, and a dozen others whose names are as familiar to the educated in Tokio, Cairo, and Cape Telon as they are to the students of San Francisco, as they are to the students of San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. To be sure, a profesor has fitty to one hundred attendants at each of his lecture courses, and from every one, with an occasional exception, he collects from \$5 to \$50 lecture money a term, but he is allowed to keep but a little more than half the money thus earned. Probably only a very famous and a very popular professor is able to profit more than \$1,000 a year from the student fees in his own lecture courses.

own lecture courses.

Yet a regular professor's chair in a German university is a much coveted place. Thousands of men strive for the salaries that appears on meagre even to the eyes of the American used to German conditions of life. Young men of many talents and international reputation cling to the universities for years, supported only by the wretched earnings that fail to tutors, in the merahope of some time reaching that haven and heaven of honor and dignity known as a regular professorship. A tutor of this turn of mind lives a life of self-denial without many parallels among men of his class. He has one room, takes only unbuttered rolls and coffee for breakfast, only coffee for luncheon, and only a slice of meat and a taste of vegetables and coffee for dinner. He crowds his daily wants down to the point just this side of absolute want, rarely spending more than \$200 a year, and wearing, season after season, the same suit of clothes, with the same amazing style of hat.

When the tutur becomes an "extra" professor he may afford a suit a year, a slice of meat with his luncheon and two slices with dinner, but not much more, save that he moves into a little flat and nuts a brass plate on the door. As a full-fledced professor his ideal of luxury is realized in an eight-room flat and all le cares to each of his favorite dishes, which, with the training he has had in his tutor days, it is safe to say are never expensive. He never aspires to keeping a horse or taxing his family or himself to the seashere or mountains, that is, if he be dependent on his own resources. Some professors, who gain their dignity when young, marry rich wives, and then the wide, wide world, with all its luxurles, yawns for them as it does for men with rich wives anywhere else on the gloth. For the ordinary professors studying and waking and lecturing are the glad diversons of a life that has reached the acme of human contentment. own lecture courses.
Yet a regular professor's chair in a German

"At one time," said Mr. Bugleton, "I had a sort of inclination to Arctic exploration. thought I would like to join some expedition actting out to reach the North Pole. There was a fascination about this work that was atwas a fascination about this work that was attractive; but it seemed to me that before starting I nught in some degree, at least, to inure myself to cold. I thought that perhaps the easiest way in which I could accomplish this would be by braking on a freight train one or two winters. I tried this, but with a somewhat curious result. It led to my giving up the North Pole idea entirely; for I found that in this way I could get right here, in a single winter, all the Arctic experience I wanted.